

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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THE REMEDY FOR REED.

It may properly be urged upon the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, in view of the opening of Congress to-day, that obstruction is a game at which two can play.

The Speaker, who has erected himself into a kind of Imperial Government for these United States, has of late been very communicative of his purposes in relation to the legislation which the people desire. Encouraged by his success during the special session of Congress in preventing all legislation except that upon which he and President McKinley had agreed beforehand, Reed threatens to rule over the coming session of Congress with an equally high hand. Only what the President desires is to be done; only through the Speaker can even the President secure any action. The new autocrat purposes to abate not one jot of the power which step by step he has gathered into his own hands. Congress is to cease acting as a deliberative or even a legislative body. It is to register the will of the Speaker as servilely as a ward convention fulfils the programme laid down by the "boss."

This Winter Reed purposes to use his autocratic power especially to obstruct any action in behalf of Cuba. What he describes as "Jingolism" is to have no mercy shown it by him—lest stocks be affected. The fact that three-fourths of the representatives in Congress favor drastic action moves him not a whit. Though made Speaker by their votes, he cracks the whip over them like a slave driver. Insulting them by his arrogance, he affronts equally their constituencies.

Because the stock jobbers and the money worshippers have held back the President from his plain duty to apply vigorous corrective methods to the intolerable situation in Cuba the nation shall not be balked of its purpose. If the President controls the Speaker and the Speaker controls the House of Representatives there is still the Senate to apply the goad to both.

Mr. Reed threatens to defeat Cuban resolutions by applying to their consideration dilatory tactics. We believe that his first fame and favor with the country was won by his effective crusade against dilatory tactics, but that is immaterial now. It is enough to say that if the union of President and Speaker be employed in this unholy manner in the House the Senate should systematically delay and obstruct every partisan measure in which the Administration is interested. There are enough anti-Republican Senators to make this policy effective.

It is curious to note how the substance of democracy disappears from one after another of our Federal institutions. Reed has made of the House of Representatives, which was planned to be most immediately responsive to the people's will, a body which is dominated wholly by one man. His power therein is vastly greater than that which any constitutional monarch ever exercised over a legislative body. And, curiously enough, it is to the Senate—the body which the Fathers feared would be undemocratic—that the people turn for relief. But the Senate has the power, and should apply it relentlessly.

If Reed and the Administration obstruct the people's measures in the House, let the Administration measure be obstructed in the Senate.

DAVID B. HILL FOR THE JOURNAL.

In pursuance of its determination to fight the battle of the people against the corporations with the most effective weapons obtainable, the Journal has retained former Senator David B. Hill to represent it in the injunction proceedings against the Mayor of Brooklyn which will come up Wednesday.

As a lawyer and as a public man Mr. Hill is admirably equipped to meet an issue which involves public policy as much as law. As the Journal's attorney he will protest against the free grant to a profit-seeking corporation of over forty miles of Brooklyn streets, and will re-enforce the protest which this paper made in the name of the people with his own argument made in the name of the law.

The magnificent mass meeting of Saturday night demonstrates how thoroughly the people are in sympathy with the Journal's purpose. This announcement of the retaining of so eminent an attorney as David B. Hill to argue the case shows how earnestly the battle for popular rights is to be fought.

THE OUTPOST IN THE PACIFIC.

Reports upon the attitude of Congressmen toward Hawaiian annexation continue to indicate that if two-thirds of the Senators do not support the treaty at the coming session, a joint resolution will be speedily adopted by a majority of the two houses making annexation an accomplished fact.

More and more the importance of possessing this outpost in the Pacific is coming to be appreciated by our people. It commands for commercial and strategic purposes the pathway between the Continents. It cannot long remain an independent nation, and it is only a question of what power shall possess it. We cannot tolerate the command of that position by any European nation, for it has only a remote relation to the interests of Europe and a very intimate one to ours. Logically Hawaii should belong either to America or Asia, and if not taken by the United States it will be constantly coveted by Japan.

The native elements on the islands do not and cannot rule them. The restoration of the old monarchy is out of the question, and the alternative is annexation. It is in fact desired, not only by the pres-

ent government, but by the substantial part of the population, and it is inevitable that this commanding station between two great continents will either pass under the control of the United States or of some other power whose possession of it we could not consent to.

The only objection that can be made with any force is that our "system" is not adapted to the government of distant colonial possessions, but so long as they are held merely as "territory," the power of Congress to provide for their government in any manner adapted to their conditions is complete. The Hawaiian Islands can be governed with less difficulty than Alaska, for communication is more regular and speedy. They could be held simply as "territory of the United States" until such time as conditions should make it desirable to adopt them into our "system."

BEGINNING A FAMILY QUARREL.

River, or shall continue its legitimate expansion northward as well. At a dinner given to him on Saturday night he rallied against our scheme of rapid transit, and declared that Brooklyn must not permit the "solventy of the greater city to be inconsiderately and too hurriedly buried in the bowels of the Borough of Manhattan."

There is something unseemly in this kind of mouthing, when Brooklyn has crowded close upon her debt limit and has a tax rate but little below 2.80, while New York has preserved a margin of over \$50,000,000 in her debt-incurring capacity and kept her tax rate down to 2.14 at the highest in many years. Our people have been working a long time for rapid transit, and voted three years ago for the construction of a system on the municipal credit, to be paid for ultimately by themselves through charges upon the traffic.

Before getting the long-sought boon they consented to a consolidation which must inevitably result in building up Brooklyn at the expense of Manhattan Island. It will bring down the tax rate in Brooklyn and increase that of New York, and a generous share of the benefit of the union must inevitably go to the borough across the river.

This makes it peculiarly unbecoming for Brooklyn even to desire a defeat of rapid transit and to check a growth which will be beneficial to the whole greater city. There will be new bridges and expansion over the river, and nobody will begrudge Brooklyn any advantage she may derive from it. But why should there not be a healthy growth in all parts of the new metropolis without any petty jealousy in the section most benefited by consolidation against that making the most sacrifice?

While rapid transit is hanging in the balance before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, it looks like something more than a coincidence that the selfish demand of Brooklyn that it be abandoned for her benefit should be accompanied by delusive promises from the Manhattan magnates of an extension of their monopoly. It is a critical moment for rapid transit, and there is a concentration of selfish interests for its defeat, though nothing is more certain than the benefit that would flow from it for Greater New York and all its interests.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCHES.

It is evident that in the sermon reported in to-day's Journal Rev. Father Ducey spoke from a full heart and of things whereof he has exact knowledge. Nor does it take a voice from the pulpit to convince that many churches in many things fall far short of the realization of the true spirit of Christ. There will be wide sympathy with the Father's appeal for "the religion of action and deeds in the interest of the vast multitude, and not a religion of empty phrases and pretence."

In some ultra-religious circles there is complaint that among the many straws is coming to be laid upon ethics rather than on religion, that works rather than faith are held the evidence of a man's righteousness. Yet the complainants have an easy remedy at hand. Let the faithful supplement their faith by good works; let the ethical preachings of the Gospel find among its preachers and its hearers as hearty acquiescence as the purely mystical or devotional exhortations. What does it profit men to repeat the Golden Rule Sundays and despoil their fellows the other six days of the week? As Father Ducey puts it, "We cannot serve God and be worshippers at the shrine of heartless greed and gain."

Great and far reaching is the good that has proceeded from the churches, but they cannot strive too strenuously to do more and better. And amid their efforts to open the path to a better world beyond there should be ever the endeavor to lighten the burdens which this world has laid so heavily on the shoulders of some of its children.

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE.

It is gratifying to learn that President McKinley will make the proposed Pan American exposition at Buffalo the subject of a special message to Congress. There is every reason why the National Government should deal liberally with an enterprise which promises much by way of drawing the republics of this hemisphere into closer relations and emphasizing that American unity which has found its champions among the foremost statesmen of all our political parties.

Though the plans for this exposition have not been given any general publicity as yet, one of its features gives assurance that it will command wide attention. Situated on an island in Niagara River, the exposition has the inestimable advantage of utilizing the enormous electrical power now being rapidly developed at the Falls. However much the managers of the show may desire to emphasize its international character, however generally the Central and South American republics may be represented, this fact alone will make it principally an exhibition of all that is newest and most efficient in electrical science. It is to be hoped that the plans for the enterprise are upon a sufficiently broad and liberal basis to make it worthy of its site and equal to its possibilities.

NEW YORK AS A SEAPORT.

The Atlanta Constitution calls attention to the fact that it is not necessary for the consolidation of Greater New York to become effective in order to put this metropolis in the foremost rank of cities. Already it is the greatest seaport in the world. The vessels which passed out of its stately bay, or eastward through the placid waters of the Sound, last year exceeded in tonnage those

of any great seat of commerce on the globe. In twenty-five years the maritime commerce of New York has outstripped that of Liverpool and London, and enormously increased its lead over the port of Hamburg, though that port meanwhile overhauled Liverpool. In 1896 the comparative tonnage of these four ports was as follows:

	Tons.
New York.....	20,782,530
London	15,582,190
Hamburg	12,745,000
Liverpool	10,883,024

It is interesting to speculate on how much greater might have been the growth of the shipping in the port of New York had there not been in force a fiscal policy intended to accomplish the triumph of having the ships which take from New York the wealth of American products for which this is the natural outlet return in ballast.

But even a false and illogical national system cannot block the path of New York nor check her progress toward first place in all the things that appertain to the greatest of cities.

THE GERMAN THREAT AGAINST HAYTI.

Neither is there cause for alarm in the threat of a bombardment of Port au Prince if the demand is not complied with. The senile bluster of Prince Bismarck over the "arrogance" which the United States has not exhibited is hardly more absurd than some of the protests here against the only course which a nation can take in such a case with an effect.

We cannot complain that Germany makes a demand exactly like one that our Government made upon Hayti in 1893 for a precisely similar offence, and it is better to back it up with a display of force than to palaver and compromise, as was done in that case. In fact, as already plainly appears, a menace that means something is the only thing that will bring a paltering and shifty nation to terms.

It would have been cheaper for Hayti to acknowledge the wrong and make reparation at once, and that is a lesson that ought to be enforced. She has really no power of resistance. There is a fort on the height back of Port au Prince and one on each side of the bay, but the city lies open to the guns of an enemy, and there is no way to defend it.

This helplessness would not justify an inordinate requirement or unnecessary bullying, but we have no reason to apprehend that Germany intends anything more than the exaction of indemnity for a palpable wrong.

The Boston Democrats are striving to eliminate personal ambition and carry the municipal election. They can find in the first election returns from this enlarged municipality a shining example of the efficacy of the process.

Mr. Dingley diplomatically declines to discuss the Treasury deficit. By pursuing this course Mr. Dingley observes the same caution as the small boy who expressed a desire to discuss religious topics when he was caught in the jam closet.

The superintendent of the Kentucky toll roads has resigned. He preferred this course to being shot out of existence by the toll gate raiders.

In view of the German claims in China Prince Bismarck's remarks on American aggressiveness should be taken in a Pickwickian sense.

ERHOES FROM THE JOURNAL.

One Fair New York Paper.

One New York newspaper has at last been found willing to do justice to something that comes out of Philadelphia or Pennsylvania. This is such an unheard-of thing as to require comment. The New York Journal awards the football championship to Pennsylvania. . . . Our great universities and colleges should be bound with closer ties. Reform in this direction is very much needed. Now that the Journal has succeeded in doing what no other New York paper has ever yet done—tried to be fair—let us hope that it will take up this suggestion and try to lead our great colleges into the only true path—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How to Beat the Bank Trust.

As the Journal says: "If the bankers desire to strike at the root of the evil which menaces them, let them give their aid to the Democratic party, which is the only enemy which the trusts now fear."—Buffalo Times.

Score One for the Journal.

Everybody except the murderer and his counsel seems to be pretty well satisfied at Thorn's conviction, but that satisfaction is nothing to what would be felt at the conviction of his partner in crime, the monster, Mrs. Mack. Score one for the New York Journal, which came to the aid of justice and put the officers of the law on the track of these inhuman butchers. They should suffer the death penalty together.—Hoboken Evening News.

More Than Cleveland and McKinley Combined.
The enterprising New York Journal, its gallant reporters and brave old General Lee, of Virginia, have done more for suffering Cuba than both the Administrations of Cleveland and McKinley. Is it possible that the money power of Wall Street controls McKinley like it did Cleveland—Kingwood (W. Va.) Argus, Hon. J. S. Brown, President State Editors' Association, editor.

WHAT IS A MUGWUMP?

Like Unto the Pharisee.

What is a mugwump? When I read that word, or hear it expressed, my mind instinctively recalls the Pharisee of the Bible. A pious hypocrite, fasting hypocrite on Sunday, and a stock horse, insurance or real estate, etc., jobber on the other six days of the week—and was betide the lamb who is unfortunate enough to get into his clutches. Of no politics, he apes the "reformers," because of their ultra-respectability. Of no moral conscience, he willingly accepts office for the spoils, while publicly proclaiming his distaste for office. Sincere enough to keep his name before the public in connection with some laudable enterprise, with which he has a very slight connection—he passes as a generous donor, a charitable gentleman, a clear-headed business man, whose example and advice are sure to be copied in matters political. But his heart reveals the "white-washed sepulchre," political chicanery, business knavery, detestable destruction, and a canting hypocrisy, tending to abomination. Anathema. B. B.

A Menace to the Bosses.

A mugwump is an independent voter who has brains and courage enough to do his own thinking, which is the means to throw the office-holders and bosses out of their job when they get to be dictators in place of bosses to the people, which all bosses and politicians have found out, and which the present boss will find out after another election. A REPUBLICAN MUGWUMP. Buffalo, N. Y.

A Definition from Virginia.

You give Mr. Croker's most admirable and exhaustive definition of a "mugwump," and then ask: "What is your idea of a mugwump?" Well, sir, my "idea" is that a mugwump is like a little grain of sand upon the seashore—neither here nor there, in-comestible, in-comestible, having the instincts of Benedict Arnold, without his courage, and of which Grover Cleveland is the personification and embodiment. JOSEPH H. SHEPHERD.

A Weed of Rank Growth.

A mugwump is a rank weed that grows in the garden of political discontent. Troy, N. Y. ASPIRANT.

Exodus of the Four Hundred to the Promised Land of Aiken.



Of all the places that the fine world knows Aiken, S. C., is the best for flirting and gambling. During the Winter season there is more foremaking and card playing in that little town than any other place of its size in the known world.

Poker is rampant, and runs all the way from penny ante to fifty dollars limit. At one sitting down there last Winter a certain titled foreigner won more than \$5,000, of which two well-known New York chappies contributed \$2,000 each, while three others, equally prominent in society, dumped in the balance.

The Count, for that was his title, went off to Europe pretty soon thereafter and is still abroad, where, it is hoped, he will remain.

Of course the losers at that memorable bout would like to get even with the Count, but since they have analyzed his play in the cold and frosty atmosphere of subsequent regret, they are of the opinion that he knows altogether too much of cards for them, and that to try again to beat him would be only to send good money after bad.

Therefore, they are content that the Count shall remain on the other side of the Atlantic and never show his face or his skill in Aiken again.

But poker isn't the only thing by any means that this Aiken set will bet on. It has its own roulette wheels, faro layouts and rouge et noir boards, for all which it finds constant use.

It is also amply supplied with dice that it handles in the somewhat undignified but ever fascinating game of "craps."

I have seen not only well-known beaux but famous belles bending eagerly over the

little speckled cubes and chanting with all the enthusiasm of nigger street boys the mystic words, "Come seven! Come 'leven!" while the price of a handy polo pony depended on the result of each throw.

Nor does the gambling fever stop at cards and dice, but extends to golf and all the daily happenings of the place wherein there is the slightest element of chance.

Your Aiken chappie likes quick action for his money, as sportsy people say, and when other means fail upon his taste, he has been known to pull off a cocking main in the most approved style.

The crow of a game cock is not the least familiar sound in the neighborhood of some of the most fashionable residences in this new Winter resort for the rich of New York.

But prevalent as is the practice of gambling, flirting holds its own with these sojourners in South Carolina.

Such scandal as was bred there last season was never heard before.



There was more of it in one Winter in Aiken than in ten Summers in Newport, and Summer is supposed to be Cupid's choice of all the year.

It must be the climate, for as soon as the people came back North the scandals died out. Instead of the divorces that we were led to expect we found only peace and happiness and a seeming absorption in affection that is equalled only by cooling doves in Springtime.

It was grievously disappointing to some of us, but for all such the Aiken climate holds out hope for the coming weather.

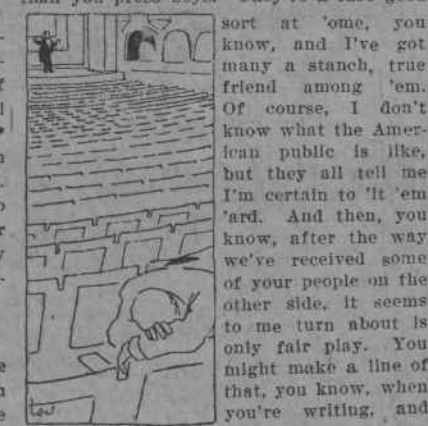
Like malaria, flirting is a hard thing to get rid of when it once gets well into the system.

Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Kip are still sojourning at Lakewood. They have a big house here of their own, at No. 448 Fifth avenue, which they have been debarred from occupying on account of the condition of the street.

As soon as the antidote for Cella is administered, they will return to town. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Dear Old America; Before and After.

MR. BANDY BILKINS, the British Comique, gives the following expression of views on America to an enterprising reporter, who has hoarded the incoming steamer at Quarantine. "I'm sure there's nobody I like better than you press boys. They're a rare good sort at 'ome, you know, and I've got many a stanch, true friend among 'em. Of course, I don't know what the American public is like, but I'm certain to 'em 'ard. And then, you know, after the way we've received some of your people on the other side, it seems to me turn about is only fair play. You might make a line of that, you know, when you're writing, and



just say that when we think of the way that Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth and some of the others have been received in London it's only fair to give Bandy Bilkins a leg up. You'll do that for me, old man, won't you? Ah, thanks, awfully.

"I always said to myself: 'Well, when I get over to America these same chaps will likely be on 'and the first night to give old Bandy Bilkins the Button Buster a leg up.'"

"Yes, that's what they call me all over the shop, and you might make a paragraph out of it, if you don't mind. It wouldn't do me any 'arm, d'ye think, to start in from the first with a good droll name like that over 'ere? It was a friend of mine, a very particular friend of mine, by the way, who gave me the name five years this Christmas, when I was playing in Birmingham. I was doin' a nigger act—one of the best ever seen there, they all said—wonderful get-up, you know. Cotton trousers, red and white stripes, white jacket with low rolling collar and striped shirt, the same as your negroes wear over

was Lord Brummagem and Captain Fitzbeat of the 'Eavy 'Eassars, and a lot of regular toffs fillin' the 'ole box full, and when I went on they all gave me a great 'and, you know, and when I sung me song I'll be blessed if 'is Lordship didn't bust one of his buttons from his waistcoat laughin' at it. In fact, he laughed so 'ard that Fitzbeat came runnin' back and said, 'For God's sake, Bandy, stop being so funny or there will be a dead lord in the box,' and he made the stage manager ring down on me act."

"I wrote me manager over here to 'ave a 'arch at the door of the theatre with 'Welcome to Bandy Bilkins, the British Button Buster' on it in red and white posies. Do you 'appen to know if he's done it or not?"

"Really? Well, I suppose he's forgot it. Well, old chap, thanks awfully for comin'. I'll 'ope to see you the first night, and I'll see any of the press boys about, speak



a good word to them for Bandy Bilkins. You'll do that for me, old man, now, won't you?"

"Thanks, awfully. Good-by."

Mr. Bandy Bilkins re-embarcking for dear old London at the close of his engagement three weeks later, has this to say: "What do I think of the New York dramatic critics? There is not such a thing as a critic in this country. There are a few blackguards, who pretend to write about such foreign artists as are foolish enough to come 'ere in the 'ope of meeting with polite treatment, but that's all. Why, one of those blackguards came to see me, and what did he write in his paper? He wrote that I was about as funny as a block of ice in an 'earse. Is that criticism? In all fairness I ask you. Is that criticism or is it rubbish? A block of ice isn't funny. A block of ice can't sing or dance, you know, and if it could, the 'earse isn't the place for it. Another one said that me wheezes—gags, they call 'em 'ere—were all old and played out. Why, I got them all out of Ally Sloper less six months ago, except a few that I picked up after I landed, just so as to be fresh and up-to-date."

"Do I like the way they live over 'ere? No; I do not. You can't turn 'round, and there's a black with a pitcher of ice water, and I 'aven't seen such a thing as a whinkle or a vegetable marrow since I landed. Thank God, there's the steamer bell at last. Ah, ashore! There's one man won't go ashore for seven days yet, and that's Bandy Bilkins, the British Button-Buster."

Talk of the Literary Shop.

THE DECEMBER Scribner's has an odd cover design of three little non-descript, Aetolian-looking holiday figures—Kipling's poem, "The Feet of the Young Men"; a new portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, and several good short stories. In this connection I would like to commend to the writers of negro dialect stories both the dialect of the Georgia darky and the absolute fidelity of portrayal of negro character in Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's story, "A Run of Luck." Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff concludes in this number the Eastern series of his "Experiments in Reality," with an article on a logging camp, which, in spite of Mr. Wyckoff's intense seriousness, is very funny. I am quite sure if I were settling out to study the inner life of a blasphemous lumber camp I should not begin by kneeling down and saying my prayers, as Mr. Wyckoff did. This course, while awakening the lumberman's respect, possibly, for a new order of being is not apt to open his heart to confidential disclosures. The inefficiency of the method did not strike Mr. Wyckoff at any time, but the "considerate, well-bred manners of the man, who offered no least objection to a course of conduct, however out of keeping with the customs of the place" did; which argues on the nether side of both Mr. Wyckoff's experience and good sense. The finished blasphemy of the camp overwhelmed Mr. Wyckoff. He quotes, as well as he can, an expurgated translated copy of some of the conversation, and then Mr. Wyckoff swears a little mild swear himself: "God help us!" says he; "it was like that, only a great deal worse, until the blessed silliness of the night fell upon the camp."

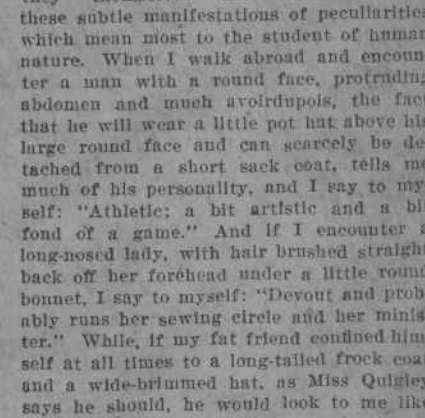
I am somewhat curious to know if Mr. Wyckoff will ever get down to hard pan and find out what manner of creature the "worker" really is. At the end of the fifth paper he is no nearer a solution of his problem than at the beginning of his experiment. If he will focus his camera on something besides Walter A. Wyckoff I shall hope for better results.

Anybody who goes about with his eyes open knows how universally needed, it would seem, are a few sensible hints on what to avoid in dress. Many of these Miss Dorothy Quigley has supplied in "What Dress Makes of Us," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Some of the articles in the book have already appeared in the columns of the Journal and the Sun, but the principles which she teaches could bear repetition many times. I notice that six of the seven chapters of the book are devoted to women, and I suppose that is quite a proper distribution, since, while there is some dispute as to whether dress makes the man or not, I believe there is none as to whether dress makes the woman—among women at least—and I have no doubt they are quite right in this matter. Miss Quigley gives her sisters many valuable suggestions, and among them I notice recipes for making a too long face look shorter and a short face look longer; for concealing the determination of a square jaw and for making a weak chin appear stronger, and all by means of wisdom in the choice of a bonnet. She suggests how a long nose may be made to seem to mind its own affairs, and a pug nose may take on an air of intellectuality. If all these things can be done by the arrangement of bows and hair and hats, much greater miracles, of course, can be accomplished by discretion in the choice of gowns and coats. But there is one omission in Miss Quigley's book which I much regret. I wish that she could have sounded a note of warning to such loud tones as would forever disfigure the woman with "masculine features" from crowning them with an Alpine hat. The misfortune of being endowed with masculine features is, of course, one for which no woman is responsible, but to wear such a hat is to do—as this type accentuate that misfortune—as this type of woman is so sure to do—as from an artistic standpoint, a crime, and I wish Miss Quigley had impressed this upon her readers among her other admirable hints.

But after all, while I can commend Miss Quigley's little book as containing the A. B. C. of the art of dressing, I should be very sorry indeed to see her suggestions universally adopted, because it would destroy the individuality of expression. Men and women express their inner selves by their choice of outer adornments more, possibly, than they themselves are aware of. It is these subtle manifestations of peculiarities which mean most to the student of human nature. When I walk abroad and encounter a man with a round face, protruding abdomen and much avoirdupois, the fact that he will wear a little pot hat above his large round face and can scarcely be detached from a short sack coat, tells me much of his personality, and I say to myself: "Athletic; a bit artistic and a bit fond of a game." And if I encounter a long-nosed lady, with hair brushed straight back off her forehead under a little round bonnet, I say to myself: "Devout and probably runs her sewing circle and her minister." While, if my fat friend confined himself at all times to a long-tailed frock coat and a wide-brimmed hat, as Miss Quigley says he should, he would look to me like nothing so much as a lost cowboy or a butcher out for a holiday. And if the pale-faced lady should dress her hair in a fluffy bang, or any other style of "studied carelessness" under a hat the rim of which is bent, curved or twisted, I should be greatly puzzled to know whether she were a retired actress or only a lady who merely kept straight the members of her immediate household. The real selves, in other cases, would be hidden under the clothes which, if left to themselves, neither would choose. With all due regard to Miss Quigley and her perfectly correct canons of taste, I hope it will be many a long day before the people to whom they are addressed will adopt them.

Large Holdings of Bother. (Washington Post.)

For a man whose sole ambition was to elect a President of the United States Mr. Hanna has managed to accumulate considerable bother on the side.



WEATHER—Generally fair, cooler, northerly winds.

Westerly winds.